

# MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

## AND

### LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EVERY CHARM TO IMPROVE THE HEART,  
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 8.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1805.

[Vol. I.]

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Where Subscriptions, Literary Communications, and  
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Publications, will be thankfully received.

#### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### THE VENERABLE RECLUSE.

ABOUT a month before the chilling hand of winter had displayed his icy sceptre, or the frost began to nip the tender herbage, the sun shone frequently bright from a clear autumnal sky, shedding the last beauties of the departing season; the many coloured woods stood motionless and mute, divested of their verdant robe, and undisturbed by any noise, save here and there the rustling descent of a leaf that had lingered behind its time, or the feeble chirpings of a bird, conscious of the approaching rigours of the year.

Invited by the mild solemnity of the scene, and the agreeable company of two amiable friends, I agreed to take a tour round the country adjacent to the town of —, where I then resided. It was about noon when we left it; and, having proceeded a few miles in our tour, we struck off from the high road, and after passing through various turnings and windings, we found ourselves in the middle of a small valley, bordered by a river on one side, and by a gently rising hill on the other. From the side of the hill ran a small brook, bubbling to the valley over a pebbly bottom; and on the brow of the hill, we observed a small tuft of trees, embracing in their bosom a low built mansion, almost buried from the eyes of mortals.

The situation of this solitary dwelling engaged our attention; and accordingly our curiosity was roused to know what mortal had chosen a retreat so entirely sequestered from the noise and bustle of the world. We had not proceeded far when we discovered, through an opening between the trunks of two large trees, a person sitting in a contemplative posture. His face was toward the setting sun, and in his right hand he held a large scroll of paper. Before him, in a vast extent, the river rolled along its mazy current, from whose polished surface ten thousand glittering sun-beams were reflected in trembling radiance. Every mountain's top was illuminated with golden rays, and the variety of colours, exhibited by the fading woods, defied the power of language to describe. A herd of cattle also appeared in view, bending their course towards

a small cottage, which seemed to be their master's home, often stopping to crop the juicy herbage as they went along.

Approaching with the most profound silence, we had an opportunity of viewing the possessor of the lonely hermitage. He seemed to be advanced in years, and had something truly majestic in his appearance. His eyes were quick and piercing, notwithstanding an air of melancholy which had overspread his countenance. Awed by the presence of so venerable a person, we deemed it criminal to intrude upon that hallowed exercise in which he seemed employed. We accordingly stopped; while he, not suspecting the approach of any human being, started from his seat, and in a fit of ecstasy exclaimed:

"O, amiable Nature! and thou, divine Solitude! how delightful are your scenes! how improving to the souls of mortals!—What is man, vain man, when continually tossed in one feverish round of noise and company? His happiness at best is delusion, and fleeting as the mist of the morning; but his misery is great and permanent. A stranger to reflection, and deaf to the call of wisdom, he is hurried headlong into every species of folly by his own disordered passions, and the moments of his existence fleet away, unenjoyed and unimproved. But thou, sacred solitude! restorest us to ourselves: Thou teachest us to walk with the Almighty Father of the Universe, and live anew the envied patriarchal life. Thou leavest us time to be wise, and biddest us attend to the calls of our Maker; whose voice, reflected by every object in nature, speaks a language understood by the heart, tho' no human tongue can utter it.

"Yonder setting luminary, with what resplendent majesty he spreads abroad his rays! How many myriads have this day rejoiced in his enlivening beams! What a vast variety of plants and animals have felt his powerful energy! and now he departs for a while to enlighten other regions, that light and joy, and rest, alternate, may perpetually succeed each other. But how infinitely more immense that Being, who not only made this luminary, but more than ten thousand such, which enlighten other systems scattered in endless profusion through the unbounded fields of ether! How immense must he be, who not only found them at first in number, weight, and measure, but upholds and feeds their eternal fires, from himself as a centre! and yet that Being looks down through all those suns, systems, and worlds, with a father's eye upon me!—O sovereign wisdom! thou universal good! receive, O receive the tribute of gratitude and praise from an unworthy mortal!"

Here the venerable rhapsodist made a pause, and stood in an attitude which no painter's fancy has ever yet been able to conceive; an attitude which shows human nature in its highest perfection. His arms were stretched out, as if ready to clasp all creation in one glow of affection; his eyes were fixed on the heavens, as if drawn by some powerful attraction to the throne of the Most High; and the flush of triumph which overspread his countenance spoke

the divine raptures of his heart—raptures, which, though we cannot describe, we must pronounce them happy that feel.

Having continued some time in this posture, he was going to open the scroll which he held in his hand; but, turning his eyes about, and perceiving us, he recollected himself, and approached us with an air of sweetness that sufficiently indicated the tranquillity of his soul. He invited us to enter his secluded mansion; where, at our request, he related the cause that had induced him to retire from the world, and enumerated the pleasures and satisfaction he enjoyed in his solitary retirement.

"Pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, joy and grief," said he, "alternately succeed each other, and fill up the measure of human existence. The proportion of each is, indeed, greatly in our own power; but happiness without alloy is a stranger here. Providence, in compassion to the depraved passions of mankind, has dashed with the gall of grief the dulcet cup of joy, lest the human heart intoxicated with pleasure, should forget the frailty of its nature, and suffer the moments to glide away unperceived and unregarded, without making the least provision for happiness hereafter.

"Nursed in the lap of affluence, and lulled to repose on the downy couch of prosperity, my youth was spent in folly, and my manhood in dissipation: One scene of vanity succeeded another, and my whole time was squandered away in a fruitless search after happiness and peace. Tired at last with seeking what experience had convinced me was impossible to be found, I determined to call in reflection to my aid, and to discover the real cause of these pretended disappointments. I entered deep into myself, and endeavoured to trace the secret labyrinths of human reason, and human expectations. As I advanced the prospect opened, and the objects that had been magnified by the mist of vanity and folly resumed their genuine appearance. I now saw they were delusive as hypocritical sanctity, unstable as water, and fleeting as the colours on a morning cloud. I saw that pain and remorse are the constant companions of vice and immorality; and that the gaudy covering, spread by the hand of expectation over the couch of debauchery, served only to conceal the thorns of anguish and repentance.

"Struck with these discoveries, and still desirous of finding happiness, though imperfect, I determined to bid adieu to the vices, the gaieties, and the follies of life. I considered man as a rational being, capable of reflection, and capable of pursuing the dictates of his reason. I considered that happiness is lost, when passion is consulted, and that the appearance of objects, reflected by the mirror of vanity, are false and delusive. I saw that peace and tranquillity must be sought in solitude and retirement, and that the only path to happiness must be lighted by the torch of wisdom, and trodden by the feet of virtue.

"Such were my reflections, and such my determination. I bade adieu to noisy mirth,



and left the fallacious enjoyments of midnight festivity to others. I chose silence and reflection for my companions, confined my amusements to the cultivation of the products of nature, and devoted the superfluities of fortune, which had been thrown into the lap of folly, to relieve the wants of the needy, and wipe away the tears of affliction from the eyes of the indigent.—This solitary mansion suited my inclinations. I retired hither without consulting my companions, or mentioning the place of my retreat, to any except one bosom friend, who has kindly taken upon himself the management of my fortune, and of distributing my charities on worthy objects. By this means the pleasure is doubled; I have the satisfaction of knowing that the object is relieved, and relieved by a hand to him unknown.—Can any satisfaction equal to this be found in the walks of ambition, folly, and dissipation?—Ask the libertine in the morning, when broken slumbers have in some measure restored his reason, what satisfaction of mind has succeeded his midnight intemperance?—Ask the courtier, seated on the pinnacle of honour, what real happiness results from the flattery of sycophants, or the fallacious glare of tinsel grandeur?—Can these empty ornaments atone for the innumerable cares that oppress, and the perpetual anxieties that rend his soul?—but here all is calm and serene. I rise in the morning with the dawn, and join the chorus of nature in a hymn of praise to the father of the universe. I contemplate the many objects that surround me with sincere delight. I mark the daily progress of vegetation in the trees, the herbs, and the flowers; and acquire a glow of health from the pleasing amusement of cultivating my garden. The book of nature is displayed before me, and I peruse the ample page with pleasure and satisfaction.

"Thus," added he, "my days are spent in tranquillity, and my nights in unbroken slumbers. No fears alarm, no anxieties distress my soul. When the dark shades of night surround me, I can review the past transactions of the day without remorse, and reflect on what the world calls pleasure without repining. I consider this state of existence as nothing more than a prelude to another, and hope to pass through it in such a manner as not to forfeit the happiness of the future, while I enjoy the present."

### THE SLAVES.

A TALE TOO TRUE.

"Ye Gods! is there not some chosen curse,  
Some hidden thunders in the fiores of heav'n  
Red with uncommon wrath, prepar'd to blast?  
Such civilized barbarians?"

THE persons who are the subjects of this short tale are natives of Africa. The female was beautiful; at least, she was called so in her own country. Her name was Ala. The time was appointed for her nuptial, and Ara was to be the happy person. Her parents had taught her to love him when she was yet a child, and when she arrived at mature age, she approved their choice. But how fleeting is human happiness. The night preceding the day on which Ara was to be put in possession of Ala, a party of men from a British ship then lying in the bay, rushed forth to seize their defenceless victims. "That fatal night when all seemed still," while Ala was pouring forth her orisons to the power she had been taught to adore, in a vale not far from her habitations, she was seized upon by these "agents of the devil," carried on board their vessel, and put amongst others, doomed to lead a life of slavery, in the hold.

Ara waited on the parents of his intended bride on the day he was to call Ala his. When he found, to his utter astonishment, her parents giving vent to their sorrow, on losing their beloved daughter. Ara was petrified with horror, when he was informed that his love had been hurried away from her devotion's, on the evening before, by men who stiled themselves "Christians," and by her cries had been traced to the place of her confinement. He endeavoured to console their grief-torn breasts, although he had as much need of the consolation himself. He told them that he would endeavour to release Ala, or perish in the attempt, and appointed the next day to put his design into execution.

But fate would not spare Ara till the next day to fulfil his promise. The wind blew fair, and the captain of the ship, who only waited for a few more slaves, ordered his men that evening to scour the country. They set out agreeable to their orders, and the first dwelling that fell in their way proved to be that in possession of the father of Ara; they immediately entered, and to their great joy discovered upwards of twenty persons sitting round one, who appeared to be asking their advice about an affair of moment. They were seized upon before they had time to effect an escape, their hands were tied, ropes were fastened to their legs, and in this manner they were drawn to the beach, where the boat was waiting for them. They were hurried on board, and as these unfortunates were sufficient to complete the numbers, the next day was appointed for their departure.

The day came, and brought with it the parents of Ala to the shore. The anchor was weighed—the sails were unfurled, and all the officers had resumed their stations when their ears were assailed with lamentations. They discovered two persons, who appeared to be in the greatest agony of grief, who when they found they were observed plunged into the sea, and made towards this "floating hell." On the nearer approach, the captain found they were aged persons, and imagining they would not outlive the passage, gave orders not to admit them on board.

They swam round the ship, and at last succeeded in their attempts to get hold of something. They were immediately beaten off. They again got hold—here humanity would not extend so far as to beat them off a second time, but the inhuman commander slipped a rope round their necks, and suspended them in the air. They were held in this posture until it was judged they were half dead, the rope was then cut, and these children of sorrow were consigned to the watery elements to finish their existence.

After a tedious passage the vessel anchored before Jamaica. The slaves were ordered upon deck, and passed in review before their purchasers. It pleased heaven to give Ara and Ala one master. They were sent to his plantation. The person who purchased these two Africans, had a greater share of christianity than his brethren. When they arrived at his house, they were clothed and treated well, and the next day they were sent for to appear before him. He saw they had been weeping, although they endeavoured to conceal it. He asked for the history of their lives, and they made it out to gratify him. He had learned their language while a youth, for he had known misfortunes, and once had a master himself. But kind Providence had given him a competent estate, when least expected; and as he knew how slaves were treated, he endeavoured by all possible means to make the lives of those under him as easy as possible. When he became acquainted with their sufferings, he told them they were FREE, and that if they chose to stay with him, they should receive wages and be treated as his children. They fell down and embraced the feet of this "one of a thousand," and sobbed out their thanks. He raised them

from their humble situation. Ara he appointed his overseer. They were united the next day by a clergyman, and once more saw happiness in the island of Jamaica.

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### Historical Sketches.

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#### GENEROSITY OF NERVA.

HISTORY records a very eminent instance of disinterestedness and generosity of the Emperor Nerva. "Julius Atticus must have ended his days in poverty and contempt had he not discovered an immense treasure buried under an old house, the last remains of his patrimony. According to the rigor of the law the Emperor might have asserted his claim; and the prudent Atticus prevented, by a frank confession, the officiousness of informers. But the equitable Nerva, who then filled the throne, refused to accept of any part of it and commanded him to use, without scruple, the present of Fortune. The cautious Athenian still insisted that the treasure was too considerable for a subject, and that he knew not how to use it. Abuse it then, replied the Monarch, with a good natured peevishness, for it is your own." It may be questioned, whether the conduct of Atticus was dictated by fear or by generosity; but the disinterestedness of the Emperor is indisputable.

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#### SICILIAN MAGNANIMITY.

TWO of his Sicilian Majesty's galleys being on a cruise, pursued and took an Algerine vessel of 20 guns, and 100 men; the prize was sent to Naples, and while laying under guard at the Mole, a young gentleman, then bathing, was seized with the cramp, and immediately sunk, in the presence of numbers, who did not attempt any thing for his relief. One of the Algerine sailors, who was standing on the gunwale of the prize, instantly jumped into the water, and having laid hold of the body in its rise, tied one end of a handkerchief round the shoulder, the other end of which he tied to his own, and swam with it to shore. The drowned person was recovered by proper applications; and the Marquis de Paluch, whose son was thus preserved, being introduced to the king, threw himself on his knees, and requested the liberty of the gallant Algerine. His Sicilian Majesty's reply was truly noble. "Your request, Sir, (said he) is both reasonable and humane; the Moor is yours, and you may dispose of him as you please. The remainder of the crew are mine, and by the laws of war, perpetual slaves, but they are free from this moment. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom from the wrath of the Almighty, and shall not one gallant and humane man, who has risked his life for an enemy, and restored to me so valuable a subject, merit the pardon of a few companions." The next day an order was published for their release, and they departed amidst the acclamations of the populace.

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#### DUKE OF WITTENBURG.

IN the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, there was a Congress of the German Princes held at Wonnatia:—Among other discourse, each Prince extolled the superior excellencies of his own respective country; the Elector of Saxony preferred his rich mines; the Ravian boasted of brave cities, strong towns, and armies; the Palatine expatiated on his delicious wines, and the fertility of his lands: "And I," said the Duke of Wittenburg, (modestly) "can lay my head and sleep securely in the lap of any of my subjects."—The Emperor decreed him the palm.



## CHARACTER OF THE HINDUS.

THE Hindus are a meek, superstitious, haritable people; a character formed by their temperance, custom, and religion. They are almost strangers to those passions that form the pleasures and pains of our lives. Love, at least all the violent tumults of it, is unknown to the Hindus, by their marrying so young. Ambition is effectually restrained by their religion, which has, by an insurmountable barrier, confined every individual to a limited sphere; and all those follies, arising from debauchery, are completely curbed by their abstaining from all intoxicating liquors. But from hence, also, they are strangers to that vigor of mind, and all the virtues grafted on those passions, which actuate our more active spirits. They prefer a lazy apathy, and, frequently, quote this saying from some favourite book: "It is better to sit than to walk, to lie down than to sit, to sleep than to wake, and death is best of all." Their temperature, and the enervating heat of the climate, starve all natural passions, and leave them only avarice, which preys most on the narrowest minds. This bias to avarice is also promoted by the oppression of their government, which comes with a spoiler's hand, and ravishes the fruit of their labour. To counteract this, the Hindus bury their money under ground; and they suffer death rather than betray it. The Hindus of the lower provinces are a slight-made people. Rice is their chief food, and it seems to afford but poor nourishment; for strong, robust men are seldom seen among them. Though the people in general are healthy, yet they rarely attain to any great age; which is, in some measure, made up to them by an early maturity. The spring of life is but of short duration, and the organs decay before the faculties of the mind can attain to any perfection. No wonder, then, that, with such customs, such bodies, and such minds, they fall an easy prey to every invader.

## REMARKABLE HYPOCONDRIAC.

IN the Memoirs of the Count de Maurepas, published not long ago, we find an account of a most singular hypocondriac in the person of the Prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be an HARE, and would suffer no bell to be rung in his palace, lest the noise should drive him to the woods. At another time, he fancied himself to be a PLANT, and as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards thought he was DEAD, and refused nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg; (both deceased) and who, after some conversation concerning shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne, also deceased. Our hypocondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made an hearty meal. While his disorder had this turn, he always dined in the cellar with some noble ghost. We are also in-

formed, that this strange malady did not incapacitate him for business, especially when his interest was concerned.

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## Monitorial.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

THE force of habit and the extreme danger of fixing any bad habit, may be aptly illustrated by moralizing the following piece of natural history.

"On the coast of Norway is a dreadful whirlpool, called by the natives, Mealsroom, which signifies the navel of the sea. The body of the waters which form this whirlpool, is extended in a circle above thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst of this stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury—when it instantly swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence.

"No skill in the mariner, nor strength of rowing, can work an escape. The sailor at the helm finds the ship at first go in a current opposite to his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower & narrower, until it is dashed against the rock and entirely disappears."

And thus it fares with the hopeless youth that falls under the power of any vicious habit. At first he indulges with caution and timidity, and struggles against the streams of vicious inclinations. But every relapse carries him further down the current, (the violence of which increases,) and brings him still nearer to the fatal rock in the midst of the whirlpool; until at length, stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle, and makes shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation, and of every thing that is dear and valuable in the human character.

It should also be observed, on the other hand, that good habits are powerful as well as bad ones; therefore no better advice can be given to youth than the following: "*Choose the most rational and best way of living, and habit will soon make it most agreeable.*"

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## NEWBURYPORT,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1805.

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## EARTHQUAKE.

Capt. Williams informs, that a few days before he left Leghorn, the mail from Naples bro't the distressing tidings of a terrible earthquake which had destroyed a whole town in the neighbourhood of that city, and by which 2000 persons were supposed to have perished; and that the signs of further shocks continued, so that the greatest consternation and alarm prevailed in Naples, and the inhabitants had crowded on board the shipping, from an apprehension that that city would be involved in the destruction; and the vessels, from the same apprehension, had thought it prudent to haul off from the Mole and drop down into the bay, to be more safe from its effects. [Salem paper.]

A man, subject to temporary derangement of mind, has been arrested on suspicion of setting fire to the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth's Meeting-house, in Danvers. [ibid.]

A Natchez paper of August 16th, states, that "on the 12th inst. a part of the bank of the Mississippi at this place, to the width of 300, and the depth of 30 or 40 feet, with the houses and other buildings thereon, fell into the river. The acci-

dent was sudden and unexpected, but fortunately no lives were lost. Among the sufferers, in point of property, is a Mr. Lee, from Bolton, Mr. D. Barney and Mr. John Callender."

Ephraim Wheeler, of Windsor, in Berkshire county, has been convicted of a rape on the body of Betty Wheeler, his daughter, a child of 13 years of age, and sentenced by the Supreme Court to suffer death.

The Sugar refinery of Mr. Edward Pennington, of Philadelphia, has been destroyed by fire, with the stock and utensils. Loss estimated at 50 or 60,000 dollars. The loss was partly occasioned by a deficiency of water.

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## Hymeneal.

"Delightful state to whom alone is given,  
On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven."

MARRIED—In Portsmouth, Mr. Samuel Ball, to Miss Mary Muchmore.—Mr. Thomas Clapham, to Miss Mary Hull.

In Haverhill, Mr. Christopher S. Kimball, to Miss Betty Emery. In this town, on Monday evening, Capt. William Nichols, to Miss Lydia Pierce, daughter of Capt. Nicholas Pierce.

Mr. Daniel Toby, of Portland, to Miss Elizabeth Somerby, of this town.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Dana, Mr. Lawrence Dunn, to Miss Sally Quimby.

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## Obituary.

"Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!"

DIED] In Portsmouth, Madam Elizabeth Lowell, aged 97.

In Andover, Mr. John Farnum, aged 31.

In Haverhill, Mrs. Lydia Corlis, aged 45.

In this town, Mr. William Greenough, aged 71.

A child of Mr. William Tenney.

A child of Capt. Jacob Stone.

Child of Mr. John Tucker.

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## New Spelling-Book.

—A-C—

JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE,

AT THE BOOKSTORE OF

ANGIER MARCH,

No. 13, Market-Square,

THE First Newburyport Edition of PERRY'S SPELLING-BOOK, revised and improved, with valuable additions.—A fair, neat type and fine, white paper being essential requisites in School Books, the publisher of this edition has been particularly careful to have the typographical appearance equal, at least, to that of any Spelling-Book extant; although the increase of expense will considerably reduce the profits. The plan is PERRY'S, and exactly conformable to that of his Royal Standard English Dictionary:—but several judicious teachers being of opinion that some alterations in the grammatical and miscellaneous part would be useful, it has been attempted; with what success, literary judges will decide. The publisher submits it with sanguine hopes of general approbation. The opinion of highly respected individuals has been flattering.

Booksellers will be supplied on liberal terms. Oct. 5. 1805.

## Patronage Solicited.

Subscriptions for the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet are still solicited.—Future subscribers may be supplied with numbers from the commencement of the publication. Oct. 5. 1805



## Poetry.

## ODE.

WRITTEN BY SELLECK OSBORNE, AT THE  
AGE OF NINETEEN.

## TO MY PEN.

COME passive servant of my will,  
'Thou restless busy-body—meddling elf!  
Come, fill thy thrifty throat—come, drink thy fill,  
And write an ode. To whom? Why, to thyself.

"Myself!" methinks I hear thee quickly cry—  
"Myself! turn egotist too?—no not I—  
"I'd sooner serve a laureat to a king;  
"Sooner would I, in words like oil, so smooth,  
"Pronounce a villain great—his conscience soothe,  
"Or tarnish innocence—(a common thing!)  
"Though, by the by, to me it would be new,  
"None have I wounded—I appeal to you."

No, faithful PEN, thou ne'er didst place  
A blush on modest beauty's face;  
Ne'er hast thou nam'd a villain great,  
Nor stain'd a worthy name with venom'd hate.

But why 'gainst egotism dost thou strive?  
'Thou'rt not the only self-prais'd wight alive—  
Authors, whose volumes long have grac'd the shelves,  
And scribbling, language-murdering poetasters,  
Mock satyrists, pedantic scholars, masters,  
If none will laud them—why they praise themselves!

Though but the offspring of a simple goose,  
None like thyself, can tell thy wondrous use;  
Write then! inform the world (the town at least)  
That thou art more to PHAON than a feast—

Inform how oft, by inch of taper,  
Thou hast sojourn'd o'er fields of paper;  
How oft with him, on old Pegasus,  
Thou'lt scal'd the cliffs of steep Parnassus,  
Or, led by his aspiring mind,  
Leap'd on the clouds, and rode the wind!

Ah, humbling thought! ye sages, 'tis no joke,  
(Although th' assertion may your pride provoke)  
A Homer's fire, a Pope's poetic flame,  
A Franklin's wisdom, and a Newton's fame,  
All learning, science, simple and abstruse,  
Flow through this member of a silly goose!

In truth, I think thou art my firmest friend,  
On thee, at least, with safety I depend,  
'Though oft thy form, sans mercy I abuse;  
For when, in studious mood, the Muse unkind,  
I sit, while roars the hoarse nocturnal wind,  
My teeth thy tender body sorely bruise.

All this, and more, my friend, thou'rt doom'd to bear,  
For oft on thee some rhymester's fingers fall,  
And force thee ('gainst thy will, no doubt) to scrawl  
Some fulsome *Rebus*, sick'ning to the ear

When pride, on me, shall cast her low'ring eye,  
And *Plutus*' fav'rites pass in silence by;  
When sneering pedants scorn my youthful strains,  
And cold neglect shall chill my ardent veins;  
'Tis'd and disgusted with the "world's dread scorn,"  
To thee, for consolation, I will turn.  
And when in earth the founder'd Poet lies,  
The world, relenting, will no more despise;  
Some kind surviving friend, perhaps, may then  
Exem the labours of my faithful Pen.

PHAON.

## A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

## A SONNET.

Occasioned by reading the excellent sentiment in the Balance,  
"that the reading of murderous battles never yet made man,  
woman, or child, either wiser or better."

DEAR lovely babe! equal by birth to all,  
While thus thou drain'st my breast, my blood runs chill;  
I ask if thou, some future day, must fall,  
And despots send thee to be kill'd, or kill?

For thousands daily drop, who each, like thee,  
Once claim'd a mother's ever anxious love;  
Hung on her bosom, sported on her knee,  
And valued were a world of kings above.

Tormenting thought; Oh, ere thou grow'st mature,  
May all wars cease, or Tyrants, if there be,  
Fight their own battles, and each man secure,  
By equal rights and equal laws be free.

So may no mother's care be thrown away,  
Nor one, hurl millions from the face of day.

## SONG.

LIKE a very gallant, I will compliment all,  
I'll leer and ogle to the pretty,  
Tell the short ones they're neat, they're majestic the tall,  
And call all the homely ones witty.

Thus, agreeable falsehood passing for truth,  
I shall tickle their vanity snugly,  
Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasures to youth,  
And console with a fortune the ugly.

To the pale I'll on delicate lilies begin,  
To the florid I'll hold forth on roses,  
Call squinting a leer, find a smile in a grin,  
And proportion, where chins kiss with noses.

Thus, agreeable falsehood, &c.

## THE MISER AND HIS SONS.

AS a Miser of late was approaching his end,  
He begg'd his three sons to his will would attend;  
First, to Parcus, he said, "My dear son! I perceive  
"That my date is near out, I've a short time to live;  
"Two thirds of my wealth then be thine to inherit,  
"For pleas'd I observe thee possesse all my spirit."  
Then to Moeftus, "Come near me, and mark my bequest;  
"As I know you'll not spend it, I leave you the rest."  
Here Parcus and Moeftus, with counterfeit tears,  
With'd to heaven he still might enjoy it for years.  
"Worthy sons!" says the sire, "but Charles as for you,  
"Most extravagant waster! you shan't want your due,  
"Who think riches are got to be squander'd away,  
"Who would spend all my gains in the space of a day,  
"Ungracious! assur'd that thou never wilt alter,  
"I've left thee a shilling to purchase a halter."  
"Thank you, father, says Charles, for my share of your wealth,  
"Heaven grant you may live—to enjoy it yourself."

## THE COQUETTE REPROVED.

"TIS strange that I remain a maid,  
"Though fifty swains have homage paid,"  
"The reason you have told," says Fanny,  
"You had just forty-nine too many."

## EPIGRAM.

JANE on her spouse could not bestow  
One tear of sorrow when he died;  
His life had made so many flow,  
That all the briny fount had dried!

## Original Communication

For the LADIES' LITERARY CAB.

The Seasons of the Year—No. IV.

## WINTER.

When savage Boreas, in his full reign,  
Pours forth his terrors thro' the troubled main;  
In the dread season when bleak Winter's force  
Arrests the rivers and congeals their course;  
When pale Cynthia lends a cheering ray,  
And well deck'd horjes draw the loaded sleigh;  
When crickets chirrup in the smoky nook,  
And Winter's ice conceals the purling brook.

IF the sun, which rules the day and sheds his  
golden rays to bless the inhabitants of the world;  
if the moon, queen of the silver orbs of night,  
which lends her feeble rays to cheer the evening  
shades; and the stars, which borrow their light  
from the moon, and contribute their feeble aid  
to cheer the gloom of midnight, and are all com-  
bined to speak forth the praise of their Maker—  
were all blotted out from the fair face of heaven,  
as the vegetable world appears to be from the face  
of the earth, in the present day, our estates would  
be extremely gloomy and miserable; but it is or-  
dained by God, the Maker and Preserver of the  
Universe, that summer and winter, seed-time &  
harvest, shall come in their course even until  
time shall be no more; and while the face of the  
earth lies concealed from our immediate pre-  
sence by mountains of fleecy snow; while the icy  
minions congeal the force of the Baltic, and the  
silver purling streams forbear to flow, and are  
bound in icy fetters; while we are debarred from  
enjoying those shady walks which so much allur-  
ed our fancy and pleased our taste in the gay  
season of the year—we have suitable time for  
reflection. While the trees of the forest are laid  
waste by the furies of the storms, and insects lie  
concealed in the caverns of the earth, we may  
exclaim, *Sad mortal emblem for perturbed man!*  
Whilst our shores are lashed by the rolling bil-  
lows, and echo back the sound through the trou-  
bled deep, he who is secure within a humble cot,  
may anticipate the day when the ground shall be  
released of her fleecy burthen, and the soft ze-  
phyrs of spring return to bless the land; when  
he shall again behold the shady groves and flow-  
ery lawns, and enjoy those pleasures which "the  
cloud capt towers and gorgeous palaces" cannot  
afford; when he shall behold the shepherd, resum-  
ing his native vigour and returning to his flocks.  
But we must remember, this time will not come  
till the winter has run its course, and the blasts  
of midnight are over and past.

*Cold are the blasts which roll at midnight.  
Where are now the shady bowers?  
Lost, and excluded from our sight,  
Till Spring return with blooming flowers.*

*The rolling sea shall lash the main;  
The snow shall lay on every plain;  
The earth, be kept secure;  
Summer and winter shall prevail;  
Seed time and harvest never fail  
While time and sense endure.*

DAMON.

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